



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



828

B967

1907



JOHN LONGS CARLTON CLASSICS

Songs by Robert Burns

*Edited by* HANNAFORD BENNETT

"Will outbid all rivals."—THE BOOKMAN

"Certainly Wonderful."—ATHENÆUM

## JOHN LONG'S CARLTON CLASSICS

PRICES :—Decorative Cover, 3d. net ; Cloth, 6d. net ;

Leather, 1s. net. ; double vols., double price.

The first twelve only are bound in decorated paper covers

The Four Georges . . . . .	W. M. THACKERAY
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage . . . . .	LORD BYRON
Much Ado About Nothing . . . . .	SHAKESPEARE
Warren Hastings . . . . .	LORD MACAULAY
The Life of Nelson (double vol.) . . . . .	ROBERT SOUTHY
Tales (Selected) . . . . .	EDGAR ALLAN POE
Christabel, and other Poems . . . . .	S. T. COLERIDGE
A Sentimental Journey . . . . .	LAURENCE STERNE
The Blessed Damozel and other Poems . . . . .	DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
On Heroes and Hero-Worship (double vol.) . . . . .	THOMAS CARLYLE
Sonnets and Poems . . . . .	SHAKESPEARE
Rasselas . . . . .	SAMUEL JOHNSON
Sonnets and Poems . . . . .	EDMUND SPENSER
Essays (Selected) . . . . .	JOSEPH ADDISON
His Book . . . . .	ARTEMUS WARD
The Dunciad, and other Poems . . . . .	ALEXANDER POPE
English Humourists of the 18th Century . . . . .	W. M. THACKERAY
The Jumping Frog, and other Sketches . . . . .	MARK TWAIN
Songs . . . . .	ROBERT BURNS
Essays (Selected) . . . . .	LEIGH HUNT
Letters of Junius . . . . .	ANONYMOUS
Humorous Poems . . . . .	THOMAS HOOD
Confessions of an English Opium Eater . . . . .	THOMAS DE QUINCEY
A Voyage to Lilliput . . . . .	DEAN SWIFT

*Other Volumes to follow*

---

JOHN LONG, PUBLISHER, LONDON

# Songs

**By**

# Robert Burns

**With Biographical Introduction**

by

## Hannaford Bennett



## London

**John Long**

**13 & 14 Norris Street, Haymarket**

**MCMVII**





# Contents

	PAGE
BIOGRAPHICAL INTRODUCTION . . . . .	7
SONGS :—	
My ain kind Dearie O . . . . .	17
Auld Rob Morris . . . . .	19
My Wife's a Winsome Wee Thing . . . . .	21
Duncan Gray cam' Here to Woo . . . . .	22
Braw Lads on Yarrow Braes . . . . .	25
Wandering Willie . . . . .	27
Logan Braes . . . . .	29
O Lassie, art thou Sleeping yet? . . . . .	31
Groves o' Sweet Myrtle . . . . .	34
Last May a Braw Wooer cam' down the Lang Glen . . . . .	36
Blythe was She . . . . .	39
I Love my Jean . . . . .	41
Willie Brew'd a Peck o' Maut . . . . .	42
John Anderson my Jo . . . . .	44
Guidwife Count the Lawin . . . . .	45
What can a Young Lassie do wi' an Auld Man	47
O, for Ane and Twenty, Tam ! . . . . .	49
Bess and her Spinning Wheel . . . . .	51
The Banks o' Doon . . . . .	53
Version Printed in the "Musical Museum" .	54
For the Sake o' Somebody . . . . .	56
O May, thy Morn . . . . .	57
The Lovely Lass of Inverness . . . . .	58
A red, red Rose . . . . .	59
Address to a Lady . . . . .	61

	PAGE
SONGS— <i>continued.</i>	
Up in the Morning Early . . . . .	62
My Bonie Mary . . . . .	64
My Heart's in the Highlands . . . . .	65
There's a Youth in this City . . . . .	67
Ae Fond Kiss . . . . .	69
Out over the Forth . . . . .	71
John Barleycorn . . . . .	72
The Rigs o' Barley . . . . .	76
Song—Behind yon Hills where Stinchar flows	79
Green Grow the Rashes . . . . .	81
Ye Banks, and Braes, and Streams around .	84
Auld Lang Syne . . . . .	86
Bruce's Address to his Army at Bannockburn	88
For a' that and a' that . . . . .	90
The Dumfries Volunteers . . . . .	93
Mary Morison . . . . .	95
O Saw ye Bonie Lesley . . . . .	97
Women's Minds . . . . .	99
To Mary in Heaven . . . . .	101
Patriotic Song . . . . .	103
Awa Whigs, Awa . . . . .	105
Braw Lads of Galla Water . . . . .	107
Coming through the Rye . . . . .	109
Hey, the Dusty Miller . . . . .	111
The Cardin' o't . . . . .	112
It was a' for our Rightfu' King . . . . .	113
O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie . . . . .	115
Simmer's a Pleasant Time . . . . .	117
The Highland Laddie . . . . .	119
Weary fa' you, Duncan Gray . . . . .	121
Ye Jacobites by Name . . . . .	123
When I Sleep I Dream . . . . .	125
When I Think on the Happy Days . . . . .	126

## Biographical Introduction

THE family of Burness, for the name was so spelt until it was contracted to Burns by the poet when he published his first volume, were originally small tenant farmers in Kincardineshire. One of their number, William Burness, his father being in reduced circumstances, left his native home in his nineteenth year, and wandered to Edinburgh, whence he passed westward to Ayr. William Burness served as a gardener in several distinguished families, and when he married, took the lease of seven acres of land which he cultivated as a nurseryman. With his own hands he built upon it a two-roomed clay cottage, and in this cottage, which was situated in the parish of Alloway, some two miles from Ayr, Robert Burns, the poet, the eldest of seven children, was born on the 25th of January 1759.

## 8 Biographical Introduction

William Burness was the simple godly Scotch peasant whom Carlyle has described in the portrait of his own father. He sent the boy Robert, in his sixth year, to a small school at Alloway, and at intervals taught him himself. The teacher left the school for another situation, and Burness and a few neighbours joined hands to engage a lad of eighteen, one John Murdoch, to fill his place. Murdoch was paid a small sum quarterly, and boarded in turns at the houses of his employers. He was an intelligent teacher of grammar and rhetoric, and made his pupils "turn verse into its natural prose order," and "substitute synonymous expressions for poetical ones . . . and supply all the ellipses." For Burness he had much respect, describing him as "by far the best of the human race" known to him. Burness took a farm of eighty acres at Mount Oliphant, and Murdoch's school having been broken up, Robert and his brother Gilbert fell back upon farm work. For

## Biographical Introduction 9

some time they rarely saw anybody but the members of their own family, and their father was the only companion they had. At thirteen or fourteen years of age, Robert was sent "week about" with Gilbert to Dalrymple Parish School, and about this time had an opportunity of indulging in miscellaneous reading, into which he threw himself, he says, "with an avidity and industry scarcely to be equalled." He read Shakespeare, Pope, *The Spectator*, Locke and Allan Ramsay, and especially a collection of *English Songs*. And he learned Latin and French. But the *English Songs* were "my *vade mecum*. I pored over them driving my cart, song by song, verse by verse, carefully noting the true, tender or sublime from affectation and fustian. I am convinced I owe to this practice much of my critic craft." At fifteen years of age, Robert Burns was his father's chief labourer, and he complains that his life combined "the cheerless gloom of a hermit with the unceasing toil of a

## 10 Biographical Introduction

galley slave." A reaction from such conditions was only natural. He joined a dancing class, and broke out into other phases of dissipation which brought upon him his father's severe displeasure. At seventeen he had learned, he says, "to look unconcernedly on a large tavern bill, and mix without fear in a drunken squabble."

Burns early displayed a precocious feeling for women ; he had, as he wrote in his indifferent French, *un penchant à l'adorable moitié du genre humain*. His brother Gilbert remarks of him that he was no platonic lover, and he says of himself that, at eighteen years of age, "my heart was completely tinder, and was eternally lighted up by some goddess or other." His earliest recorded love affair was with Elsie Begbie, whose rejection of him first drove him into writing verse ; the next was with Elizabeth Paton, who bore him a daughter—"the first instance," he says. Misfortunes at Mount Oliphant led the

## Biographical Introduction 11

Burnesses to give up the farm and to take another of one hundred and thirty acres at Lochlie. For a while their affairs seemed easier, and Robert and Gilbert worked steadily as labourers for a wage of £7 a year. But Burns could not long endure the monotony of farm life. Although his poetic effusions were passed round only in manuscript, they were becoming well known in the countryside, and were regarded with deep wonder and admiration. At this juncture Jean Armour, the daughter of a respectable master mason, bore him twins, and in a fit of repentance he desired to make a legal profession of marriage according to Scotch law. Old Armour, we are informed by a contemporary, was "a bit mason body, who used to snuff a guid deal, and gey a'en tak a bit dram." He hated Burns and would "reyther hae seen the Deil himsel' comin' to the hoose to coort his dochter than him." The written declaration of marriage was destroyed, and Burns being in great straits

## 12 Biographical Introduction

determined to emigrate to Jamaica. He wrote a farewell poem to Ayrshire and Scotland: "The gloomy night is gathering fast," and denounced the faithlessness of Jean; but straightway consoled himself by transferring his affections to Mary Campbell. Of her little is known save that she agreed to go to Jamaica with him, and that he gave her a Bible which is preserved at Ayr to this day.

Burns was preparing to start for Jamaica when Mr Gavin Hamilton, his landlord, encouraged him to collect and to publish by subscription a volume of poems. Six hundred copies were printed, and three hundred and fifty copies subscribed for. 'Hallowe'en," "The Cottar's Saturday Night" and many of his best poems were included in this the Kilmarnock edition. In the Preface, Burns tells the critics that "he certainly looks upon himself as possessed of some poetic abilities." The poems extended his fame, and brought him about £20 in money. More important



still, he abandoned the projected flight to Jamaica, and went to Edinburgh. In Edinburgh he was received and fêted by the highest society, before whom he conducted himself with becoming modesty and independence. Walter Scott, who was then a boy of sixteen, describes Burns's dignified plainness and simplicity. "I never saw such another eye in any human head," he added; and the Duchess of Gordon stated that he was the only man who "carried her off her feet." In Edinburgh he had several love affairs, and grew more and more convivial. Under the patronage of Dugald Stewart and other celebrities, a new and enlarged edition of his poems was published; it contained the names of fifteen hundred subscribers, and brought Burns £600.

After two winters of triumphs and excesses in Edinburgh, Burns was glad to return to the comparative peace of Ayrshire. The "dissipation and riot," the "mason-meetings, drinking matches and

## 14 Biographical Introduction

other mischief" had had their effect upon him. To make matters worse, Jean Armour presented him with another batch of twins, and was excluded from her father's household. He made a public declaration of marriage with her, and the pair appeared before the Session, where they were sentenced to be rebuked, "solemnly engaged to adhere faithfully to one another as husband and wife all the days of their life," and finally "absolved from any scandal." Burns advanced £180 to his brother Gilbert, and himself took a considerable farm at Ellisland in Dumfriesshire. He returned to farm work, and through the influence of friends, secured an appointment as excise officer for his own neighbourhood at a salary of £50 a year, which was afterwards increased to £70. For a while he was fairly prosperous, but the work of the farm interfered with his excise duties, and eventually his unsteady habits obliged him to give up the farm, and to remove to a small house in

the town of Dumfries. Here he remained until his death on the 21st of July 1796, at the age of thirty-seven. He died of being Robert Burns says Stevenson.

There were poets in Scotland before Burns. He ransacked the old rhymes and folk songs of the past, selected from each and all of them, and infused into them his own intense lyrical fire and genius. He could not have been so perennial as he is without them; and hundreds of nameless singers live in him. But the "wonderful peasant" was the last and the greatest of them all.

HANNAFORD BENNETT



# Songs by Robert Burns

## MY AIN KIND DEARIE O

WHEN o'er the hill the eastern star,  
Tells bughtin-time is near, my jo ;  
And owsen frae the furrow'd field  
Return sae dowf and wearie O ;  
Down by the burn, where scented birks  
Wi' dew are hanging clear, my jo,  
I'll meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie O.

In mirkest glen, at midnight hour,  
I'd rove, and ne'er be eerie O,  
If thro' that glen I gaed to thee,  
My ain kind dearie O.

## 18      Songs by Robert Burns

Altho' the night were ne'er sae wild,  
And I were ne'er sae wearie O,  
I'd meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie O.

The hunter lo'es the morning sun,  
To rouse the mountain deer, my jo ;  
At noon the fisher seeks the glen,  
Along the burn to steer, my jo ;  
Gie me the hour o' gloamin' grey,  
It maks my heart sae cheery O,  
To meet thee on the lea-rig,  
My ain kind dearie O.

## AULD ROB MORRIS

THERE'S auld Rob Morris, that wons in yon glen,  
He's the king o' gude fellows, and wale of auld  
men ;

He has gowd in his coffers, he has sheep, he  
has kine,

And ae bonie lassie, his darling and mine.

She's fresh as the morning, the fairest in May ;  
She's sweet as the ev'ning amang the new hay ;  
As blythe and as artless as the lamb on the lea,  
And dear to my heart as the light to my e'e.

But oh ! she's an heiress, auld Robin's a laird,  
And my daddie has nought but a cot-house and  
yard :

A wooer like me maunna hope to come speed ;  
The wounds I maun hide that will soon be my  
dead.

20      Songs by Robert Burns

The day comes to me, but delight brings me  
nane ;

The night comes to me, but my rest it is gane :  
I wander my lane, like a night-troubled ghaist,  
And I sigh as my heart it would burst in my  
breast.

O had she but been of a lower degree,  
I then might hae hop'd she wad smil'd upon  
me !

O, how past describing had then been my bliss,  
As now my distraction no words can express !



## MY WIFE'S A WINSOME WEE THING

SHE is a winsome wee thing,  
She is a handsome wee thing,  
She is a bonie wee thing,  
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

I never saw a fairer,  
I never lo'ed a dearer,  
And neist my heart I'll wear her,  
For fear my jewel tine.

She is a winsome wee thing,  
She is a handsome wee thing,  
She is a bonie wee thing,  
This sweet wee wife o' mine.

The world's wrack, we share o't,  
The warstle and the care o't;  
Wi' her I'll blythely bear it,  
And think my lot divine.

## DUNCAN GRAY CAM' HERE TO WOO

DUNCAN GRAY cam' here to woo,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
On blyth yule-night when we were fu',  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Maggie coost her head fu' high,  
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,  
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan fleech'd and Duncan pray'd ;  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,  
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan sigh'd, both out and in,  
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',  
Spak o' lowping o'er a linn ;

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Time and chance are but a tide,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Slighted love is sair to bide,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,  
For a haughty hizzie die?  
She may gae to—France for me!  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

How it comes, let Doctors tell,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;  
Meg grew sick,—as he grew hale,  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.  
Something in her bosom wrings,  
For relief a sigh she brings ;  
And oh ! her een they spak sic things  
Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

## 24      Songs by Robert Burns

Duncan was a lad o' grace,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't ;

Maggie's was a piteous case,

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

Duncan cou'dna be her death,

Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;

*Now*—they're crouse and canty baith !

Ha, ha, the wooing o't.

## BRAW LADS ON YARROW BRAES

BRAW, braw lads on Yarrow braes,  
Ye wander thro' the blooming heather ;  
But Yarrow braes, nor Ettrick shaws,  
Can match the lads o' Galla Water.

But there is ane, a secret ane,  
Aboon them a' I loo him better :  
And I'll be his, and he'll be mine,  
The bonnie lad o' Galla Water.

Altho' his daddie was nae laird,  
And tho' I hae na meikle tocher ;  
Yet rich in kindest, truest love,  
We'll tent our flocks by Galla Water.

## 26      Songs by Robert Burns

It ne'er was wealth, it ne'er was wealth,  
    That coft contentment, peace, or pleasure ;  
The bands and bliss o' mutual love,  
    O that's the world's chiefest treasure !

## WANDERING WILLIE

HERE awa, there awa, wandering Willie,  
Here awa, there awa, haud awa hame ;  
Come to my bosom, my ain only dearie,  
Tell me thou bring'st me my Willie the same.

Winter winds blew, loud and cauld, at our  
parting,  
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my e'e ;  
Welcome now Simmer, and welcome my Willie,  
The Simmer to Nature, my Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the cave of your  
slumbers ;  
How your dread howling a lover alarms !  
Wauken, ye breezes ! row gently, ye billows !  
And waft my dear Laddie ance mair to my  
arms.

## 28      Songs by Robert Burns

But oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his  
Nanie,

Flow still between us thou wide-roaring  
main ;

May I never see it, may I never trow it,

But, dying, believe that my Willie's my  
ain !



## LOGAN BRAES

TUNE—" *Logan Water.*"

O, LOGAN, sweetly didst thou glide,  
That day I was my Willie's bride ;  
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,  
Like Logan to the simmer sun.  
But now thy flow'ry banks appear  
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,  
While my dear lad maun face his faes,  
Far, far frae me and Logan Braes.

Again the merry month o' May  
Has made our hills and vallies gay ;  
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,  
The bees hum round the breathing flowers :  
Blithe morning lifts his rosy eye,  
And evening's tears are tears of joy :  
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,  
While Willie's far frae Logan Braes.

## 30      Songs by Robert Burns

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,  
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush ;  
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,  
Or wi' his song her cares beguile :  
But I wi' my sweet nurslings here,  
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,  
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,  
While Willie's far frae Logan Braes.

O wae upon you, men o' state,  
That brethren rouse to deadly hate !  
As ye mak mony a fond heart mourn,  
Sae may it on your heads return !  
How can your flinty hearts enjoy  
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry ?  
But soon may peace bring happy days,  
And Willie, hame to Logan Braes !

O LASSIE, ART THOU SLEEPING  
YET ?

TUNE—" *Let me in this ae Night.*"

O LASSIE, art thou sleeping yet ?  
Or art thou waking ? I would wit,  
For love has bound me, hand and foot,  
And I would fain be in, jo.

CHORUS

O let me in this ae night,  
This ae, ae, ae night ;  
For pity's sake this ae night,  
O rise and let me in, jo.

Thou hear'st the winter wind and weet,  
Nae star blinks thro' the driving sleet ;  
Tak pity on my weary feet,  
And shield me frae the rain, jo.  
O let me in, etc.

32      Songs by Robert Burns

The bitter blast that round me blows,  
Unheeded howls, unheeded fa's ;  
The cauldness o' thy heart's the cause  
Of a' my grief and pain, jo,  
O let me in, etc.

HER ANSWER

O TELL na me o' wind and rain,  
Upbraid na me wi' cauld disdain,  
Gae back the gate ye cam again,  
I winna let you in, jo.

CHORUS

I tell you now this ae night,  
This ae, ae, ae night ;  
And ance for a' this ae night,  
I winna let you in, jo.

The snellest blast, at mirkest hours,  
That round the pathless wand'rer pours,  
Is nocht to what poor she endures,  
That's trusted faithless man, jo.  
I tell you now, etc.

The sweetest flower that deck'd the mead,  
Now trodden like the vilest weed :  
Let simple maid the lesson read,  
The weird may be her ain, jo.  
I tell you now, etc.

The bird that charm'd his summer-day,  
Is now the cruel fowler's prey ;  
Let witless, trusting, woman say  
How aft her fate's the same, jo.  
I tell you now, etc.

## GROVES O' SWEET MYRTLE

TUNE—" *Humours of Glen.*"

THEIR groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands  
reckon,

Where bright beaming - summers exalt the  
perfume ;

Far dearer to me yon lone glen o' green  
breckan,

Wi' the burn stealing under the lang yellow  
broom :

Far dearer to me are yon humble broom  
bowers,

Where the blue-bell and gowan lurk, lowly,  
unseen ;

For there, lightly tripping amang the wild  
flowers,

A-listening the linnet, aft wanders my Jean.

Groves o' Sweet Myrtle 35

Tho' rich is the breeze in *their* gay sunny vallies,  
And cauld, Caledonia's blast on the wave ;  
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the  
proud palace,

What are they?—The haunt of the Tyrant  
and Slave !

The Slave's spicy, forests, and gold-bubbling  
fountains,

The brave Caledonian views wi' disdain ;  
He wanders as free as the winds of his  
mountains,

Save love's willing fetters, the chains o' his  
Jean.

LAST MAY A BRAW WOOPER  
CAM' DOWN THE LANG GLEN

TUNE—"Lothian Lassie."

LAST May a braw wooer cam' down the lang  
glen,

And sair wi' his love he did deave me ;

I said, there was naething I hated like men,

The deuce gae wi' him to believe me, believe  
me,

The deuce gae wi' him to believe me.

He spak o' the darts in my bonnie black een,

And vow'd for my love he was dying ;

I said he might die when he liked for Jean ;

The Lord forgie me for lying, for lying,

The Lord forgie me for lying !



Last May a Braw Wooer 37

A weel-stocked mailen, himsel' for the laird,

And marriage aff hand, were his proffers :

I never loot on that I kend it, or car'd,

But thought I might hae waur offers, waur  
offers,

But thought I might hae waur offers.

But what wad ye think ? in a fortnight or less,—

The deil tak his taste to gae near her !—

He up the lang loan to my black cousin Bess,

Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her,  
could bear her,

Guess ye how, the jad ! I could bear her.

But a' the niest week as I petted wi' care,

I gaed to the tryste o' Dalgarnock ;

And wha but my fine fickle lover was there,

I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock, a warlock,

I glowr'd as I'd seen a warlock.

But owre my left shouther I ga'e him a blink,

Lest neebors might say I was saucy :

My wooer he caper'd as he'd been in drink,

And vow'd I was his dear lassie, dear lassie,

And vow'd I was his dear lassie.

## 38      Songs by Robert Burns

I spier'd for my cousin fu' couthy and sweet,  
' If she had recover'd her hearing;  
And how her new shoon fit her auld shachl't  
feet;

But, heavens! how he fell a-swearing, a-  
swearing,

But, heavens! how he fell a-swearing.

He begged, for gude-sake! I wad be his wife,  
Or else I wad kill him wi' sorrow:

So e'en to preserve the poor body in life,  
I think I maun wed him—to-morrow, to-  
morrow,

I think I maun wed him to-morrow.

## BLYTHE WAS SHE

TUNE—" *Andro and his Cuttie Gun.*"

### CHORUS

BLYTHE, blythe, and merry was she,  
Blythe was she but and ben :  
Blythe by the banks of Ern,  
And blythe in Glenturit glen.

By Ochtertyre grows the aik,  
On Yarrow banks, the birken shaw ;  
But Phemie was a bonier lass  
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.  
Blythe, etc.

Her looks were like a flow'r in May,  
Her smile was like a simmer morn ;  
She tripped by the banks of Ern,  
As light's a bird upon a thorn.  
Blythe, etc.

40      Songs by Robert Burns

Her bonie face it was as meek  
    As ony lamb upon a lee ;  
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet  
    As was the blink o' Phemie's e'e.  
        Blythe, etc.

The Highland hills I've wander'd wide,  
    And o'er the Lawlands I hae been ;  
But Phemie was the blythest lass  
    That ever trode the dewy green.  
        Blythe, etc.

## I LOVE MY JEAN

TUNE—" *Mrs Admiral Gordon's Strathspey.*"

O' A' the airts the wind can blaw,  
I dearly like the west,  
For there the bonie Lassie lives,  
The Lassie I lo'e best :  
There wild-woods grow, and rivers row,  
And mony a hill between ;  
But day and night my fancy's flight  
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,  
I see her sweet and fair ;  
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,  
I hear her charm the air :  
There's not a bonie flower that springs  
By fountain, shaw, or green,  
There's not a bonie bird that sings,  
But minds me o' my Jean.

## WILLIE BREW'D A PECK O' MAUT

O WILLIE brew'd a peck o' maut,  
And Rob and Allan cam' to see ;  
Three blyther hearts, that lee-lang night,  
Ye wad na find in Christendie.

### CHORUS

We are na fou, we're nae that fou,  
But just a drappie in our e'e ;  
The cock may craw, the day may daw,  
And ay we'll taste the barley bree.

Here are we met, three merry boys,  
Three merry boys I trow are we ;  
And mony a night we've merry been,  
And mony mae we hope to be !  
We are na fou, etc.

It is the moon, I ken her horn,  
That's blinkin in the lift sae hie ;  
She shines sae bright to wyle us hame,  
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee !  
We are na fou, etc.

Wha first shall rise to gang awa,  
A cuckold, coward loun is he !  
Wha last beside his chair shall fa',  
He is the king among us three !  
We are na fou, etc.

## JOHN ANDERSON MY JO

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,  
When we were first acquent ;  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bony brow was brent ;  
But now your brow is beld, John,  
Your locks are like the snaw ;  
But blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither ;  
And mony a canty day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither :  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
But hand in hand we'll go ;  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson my jo.



## GUIDWIFE COUNT THE LAWIN

GANE is the day and mirk's the night,  
But we'll ne'er stray for faute o' light,  
For ale and brandy's stars and moon,  
And bluid-red wine's the risin' Sun.

### CHORUS

Then guidwife count the lawin, the lawin, the  
lawin,

Then guidwife count the lawin, and bring a  
coggie mair.

There's wealth and ease for gentlemen,  
And semple-folk maun fecht and fen',  
But here we're a' in ae accord,  
For ilka man that's drunk's a lord.

Then guidwife count, etc.

## 46      Songs by Robert Burns

My coggie is a haly pool,  
That heals the wounds o' care and dool;  
And pleasure is a wanton trout,  
An' ye drink it a', ye'll find him out.  
    Then guidwife count, etc.

## WHAT CAN A YOUNG LASSIE DO WI' AN AULD MAN

TUNE—" *What can a Lassie do.*"

WHAT can a young lassie, what shall a young  
lassie,

What can a young lassie do wi' an auld man?  
Bad luck on the pennie that tempted my  
Minnie

To sell her poor Jenny for siller an' lan'!

He's always compleenin frae mornin to e'enin,  
He hosts and he hirples the weary day lang :  
He's doylt and he's dozin, his bluid it is frozen,  
O, dreary's the night wi' a crazy auld man !

He hums and he hankers, he frets and he  
cankers,

I never can please him, do a' that I can ;

## 48      Songs by Robert Burns

He's peevish, and jealous of a' the young  
fellows,

O, dool on the day I met wi' an auld man !

My auld auntie Katie upon me takes pity,

I'll do my endeavour to follow her plan ;

I'll cross him, and wrack him, until I heart-  
break him,

And then his auld brass will buy me a new  
pan.

# O, FOR ANE AND TWENTY, TAM!

TUNE—" *The Moudiewort.*"

## CHORUS

An O, for ane and twenty, Tam !

An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam !

I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,

An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

THEY snool me sair, and haud me down,

And gar me look like bluntie, Tam ;

But three short years will soon wheel roun',

And then comes ane and twenty, Tam.

An O, for ane and twenty, Tam !

An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam !

I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,

An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

## 50      Songs by Robert Burns

A gleib o' lan', a claut o' gear,  
Was left me by my Auntie, Tam ;  
At kith or kin I need na spier,  
An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.  
An O, for ane and twenty, Tam !  
An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam !  
I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,  
An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

They'll hae me wed a wealthy coof,  
Tho' I mysel hae plenty, Tam ;  
But hear'st thou, laddie, there's my loof,  
I'm thine at ane and twenty, Tam !  
An O, for ane and twenty, Tam !  
An hey, sweet ane and twenty, Tam !  
I'll learn my kin a rattlin sang,  
An I saw ane and twenty, Tam.

## BESS AND HER SPINNING WHEEL

TUNE—" *Bottom of the Punch Bowl.*"

O LEEZE me on my spinning wheel,  
And leeze me on my rock and reel ;  
Frae tap to tae that cleeds me bien,  
And haps me fiel and warm at e'en !  
I'll set me down and sing and spin,  
While laigh descends the simmer sun,  
Blest wi' content, and milk and meal—  
O leeze me on my spinnin wheel.

On ilka hand the burnies trot,  
And meet below my theekit cot ;  
The scented birk and hawthorn white  
Across the pool their arms unite,  
Alike to screen the birdie's nest,  
And little fishes' caller rest ;  
The sun blinks kindly in the biel',  
Where blythe I turn my spinnin wheel.

52     Songs by Robert Burns

On lofty aiks the cushats wail,  
And Echo cons the doolfu' tale ;  
The lintwhites in the hazel braes,  
Delighted, rival ither's lays :  
The craik amang the claver hay,  
The paitrick whirrin o'er the ley,  
The swallow jinkin round my shiel,  
Amuse me at my spinnin wheel.

Wi' sma' to sell, and less to buy,  
Aboon distress, below envy,  
O wha wad leave this humble state,  
For a' the pride of a' the great ?  
Amid their flaring, idle toys,  
Amid their cumbrous, dinsome joys,  
Can they the peace and pleasure feel  
Of Bessie at her spinnin wheel ?



## THE BANKS O' DOON

TUNE—"The Caledonian Hunt's Delight."

YE Banks and braes o' bonie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair !  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary, fu' o' care !  
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn :  
Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
Departed—never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine ;  
And ilka bird sang o' its luvie,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree ;  
And my fause luvier stole my rose,  
But ah ! he left the thorn wi' me.

VERSION PRINTED IN THE  
"MUSICAL MUSEUM"

YE flowery banks o' bonie Doon,  
How can ye blume sae fair ;  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae fu' o' care !

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,  
That sings upon the bough ;  
Thou minds me o' the happy days  
When my fause luv was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird,  
That sings beside thy mate ;  
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,  
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonie Doon,  
To see the wood-bine twine,  
And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose  
Frae off its thorny tree ;  
And my fause luvver staw the rose,  
But left the thorn wi' me.

## FOR THE SAKE O' SOMEBODY

TUNE—" *The Highland Watch's Farewell.*"

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,  
My heart is sair for Somebody ;  
I could wake a winter night,  
For the sake o' Somebody !  
Oh-hon ! for Somebody !  
Oh-hey ! for Somebody !  
I could range the world around  
For the sake o' Somebody !

Ye Powers that smile on virtuous love,  
O, sweetly smile on Somebody !  
Frae ilka danger keep him free,  
And send me safe my Somebody.  
Oh-hon ! for Somebody !  
Oh-hey ! for Somebody !  
I wad do—what wad I not ?  
For the sake o' Somebody !

## O MAY, THY MORN

O MAY, thy morn was ne'er sae sweet,  
As the mirk night o' December ;  
For sparkling was the rosy wine,  
And private was the chamber :  
And dear was she I dare na name,  
But I will aye remember.  
And dear, etc.

And here's to them, that, like oursel,  
Can push about the jorum,  
And here's to them that wish us weel,  
May a' that's guid watch o'er them ;  
And here's to them we dare na tell,  
The dearest o' the quorum.  
And here's to, etc.

## THE LOVELY LASS OF INVERNESS

THE lovely lass o' Inverness,  
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;  
For e'en and morn she cries, Alas !  
And aye the saut tear blins her ee :—  
Drumossie moor, Drumossie day,  
A waefu' day it was to me ;  
For there I lost my father dear,  
My father dear and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,  
Their graves are growing green to see ;  
And by them lies the dearest lad  
That ever blest a woman's e'e !  
Now wae to thee thou cruel lord,  
A bluidy man I trow thou be ;  
For mony a heart thou hast made sair,  
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee !

## A RED, RED ROSE

TUNE—" *Wishaw's Favourite.*"

O, my Luve's like a red, red rose  
That's newly sprung in June ;  
O, my Luve's like the melodie  
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,  
So deep in luve am I :  
And I will luve thee still, my Dear,  
Till a' the seas gang dry.

Till a' the seas gang dry, my Dear,  
And the rocks melt wi' the sun :  
And I will luve thee still, my Dear,  
While the sands o' life shall run.

## 60      Songs by Robert Burns

And fare thee weel, my only Luve !

And fare thee weel, awhile !

And I will come again, my Luve,

Tho' it were ten thousand mile !



## ADDRESS TO A LADY

OH, wert thou in the cauld blast,  
On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
My plaidie to the angry airt,  
I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee :  
Or did misfortune's bitter storms  
Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
Thy bield should be my bosom,  
To share it a', to share it a'.

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
The desert were a paradise,  
If thou wert there, if thou wert there :  
Or were I Monarch o' the globe,  
Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
The brightest jewel in my crown  
Wad be my Queen, wad be my Queen.

## UP IN THE MORNING EARLY

CAULD blaws the wind frae east to west,  
The drift is driving sairly ;  
Sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,—  
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

### CHORUS

Up in the morning's no for me,  
Up in the morning early ;  
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,  
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

The birds sit chittering in the thorn,  
A' day they fare but sparely ;  
And lang's the night frae e'en to morn—  
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

## Up in the Morning Early 63

Up in the morning's no for me,  
Up in the morning early ;  
When a' the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,  
I'm sure it's winter fairly.

## MY BONIE MARY

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,  
And fill it in a silver tassie ;  
That I may drink before I go  
A service to my bonie lassie.  
The boat rocks at the Pier o' Leith ;  
Fu' loud the wind blows frae the Ferry ;  
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,  
And I maun leave my bonie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,  
The glittering spears are ranked ready ;  
The shouts o' war are heard afar,  
The battle closes deep and bloody ;  
It's not the roar o' sea or shore  
Wad mak me langer wish to tarry ;  
Nor shouts o' war that's heard afar,  
It's leaving thee, my bonie Mary.

## MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not  
here ;

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;  
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the  
North.

The birthplace of Valour, the country of  
Worth ;

Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains high-cover'd with  
snow ;

Farewell to the straths and green valleys  
below :

## 66      Songs by Robert Burns

Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging  
woods ;

Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring  
floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not  
here.

My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the  
deer :

A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe ;

My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

## THERE'S A YOUTH IN THIS CITY

*A Gaelic Air.*

THERE'S a youth in this city, it were a great pity  
That he from our lasses should wander awa ;  
For he's bonie and braw, weel favour'd witha',  
And his hair has a natural buckle and a'.  
His coat is the hue o' his bonnet sae blue ;  
His fecket is white as the new-driven snaw ;  
His hose they are blae, and his shoon like the  
slae,  
And his clear siller buckles they dazzle us a'.  
His coat is the hue, etc.

For beauty and fortune the laddie's been  
courtin ;  
Weel-featur'd, weel-tocher'd, weel-mounted  
and braw ;

## 68      Songs by Robert Burns

But chiefly the siller, that gars him gang till her,  
The Pennie's the jewel that beautifies a'.

There's Meg wi' the mailin that fain wad a  
haen him,

And Susy, whase daddy was Laird o' the  
Ha' ;

There's lang-tocher'd Nancy maist fetters his  
fancy—

But the laddie's dear sel he lo'es dearest of a'.



## AE FOND KISS

AE fond kiss, and then we sever ;  
Ae fareweel, and then for ever !  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.  
Who shall say that fortune grieves him  
While the star of hope she leaves him ?  
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me,  
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,  
Naething could resist my Nancy :  
But to see her was to love her ;  
Love but her, and love for ever.  
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,  
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,  
Never met—or never parted,  
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

## 70      Songs by Robert Burns

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest !  
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest !  
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,  
Peace, Enjoyment, Love and Pleasure !  
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever ;  
Ae fareweel, Alas ! for ever !  
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,  
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

## OUT OVER THE FORTH.

Out over the Forth, I look to the North ;  
But what is the North and its Highlands to  
me ?  
The South nor the East gie ease to my breast,  
The far foreign land, or the wild rolling sea.  
  
But I look to the West when I gae to rest,  
That happy my dreams and my slumbers  
may be ;  
For far in the West lives he I loe best,  
The man that is dear to my babie and me.

# JOHN BARLEYCORN

## A BALLAD

THERE was three kings into the east,  
Three kings both great and high,  
And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn should die.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,  
Put clods upon his head,  
And they hae sworn a solemn oath  
John Barleycorn was dead.

But the cheerfu' Spring came kindly on,  
And show'rs began to fall ;  
John Barleycorn got up again,  
And sore surpris'd them all.

The sultry suns of Summer came,  
And he grew thick and strong,  
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,  
That no one should him wrong.

The sober Autumn enter'd mild,  
When he grew wan and pale ;  
His bending joints and drooping head  
Show'd be began to fail.

His colour sicken'd more and more,  
He faded into age ;  
And then his enemies began  
To show their deadly rage.

They've taen a weapon, long and sharp,  
And cut him by the knee ;  
Then tied him fast upon a cart,  
Like a rogue for forgerie.

They laid him down upon his back,  
And cudgell'd him full sore ;  
They hung him up before the storm,  
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

## THE RIGS O' BARLEY

TUNE—" *Corn Rigs are Bonie.*"

### I.

It was upon a Lammas night,  
When corn rigs are bonie,  
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,  
I held awa to Annie :  
The time flew by, wi' tentless head,  
Till, 'tween the late and early,  
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,  
To see me thro' the barley.

### II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,  
The moon was shining clearly ;  
I set her down, wi' right good will,  
Amang the rigs o' barley :

I ken't her heart was a' my ain ;  
I lov'd her most sincerely ;  
I kiss'd her owre and owre again,  
Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace ;  
Her heart was beating rarely :  
My blessings on that happy place,  
Amang the rigs o' barley !  
But by the moon and stars so bright,  
That shone that hour so clearly !  
She ay shall bless that happy night  
Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear ;  
I hae been merry drinking ;  
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear ;  
I hae been happy thinking :

## 78      Songs by Robert Burns

But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,  
    Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,  
That happy night was worth them a',  
    Amang the rigs o' barley.

### CHORUS

Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,  
    An' corn rigs are bonie :  
I'll ne'er forget that happy night,  
    Amang the rigs wi' Annie.



## SONG

TUNE—" *My Nanie, O.*"

BEHIND yon hills where Stinchar flows,  
    'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,  
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,  
    And I'll awa' to Nanie, O.

The westlin wind blows loud an' shill ;  
    The night's baith mirk and rainy, O,  
But I'll get my plaid an' out I'll steal,  
    An' ower the hill to Nanie, O.

My Nanie's charming, sweet an' young ;  
    Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O :  
May ill befa' the flattering tongue  
    That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

## 80      Songs by Robert Burns

Her face is fair, her heart is true ;  
As spotless as she's bonie, O ;  
The op'ning gowan, wat wi' dew,  
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

A country lad is my degree,  
An' few there be that ken me, O ;  
But what care I how few they be,  
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

My riches a's my penny-fee,  
An' I maun guide it cannie, O ;  
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,  
My thoughts are a'—my Nanie, O.

Our auld Guidman delights to view  
His sheep an' kye thrive bonie, O ;  
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,  
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,  
I'll tak what Heav'n will send me, O :  
Nae ither care in life have I,  
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

# GREEN GROW THE RASHES

## A FRAGMENT

CHORUS. Green grow the rashes, O ;  
Green grow the rashes, O ;  
The sweetest hours that e'er I spend,  
Are spent among the lasses, O.

### I.

THERE's nought but care on ev'ry han',  
In ev'ry hour that passes, O :  
What signifies the life o' man,  
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.  
Green grow, etc.

## 82      Songs by Robert Burns

### II.

The warly race may riches chase,  
    An' riches still may fly them, O ;  
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,  
    Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.  
    Green grow, etc.

### III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,  
    My arms about my Dearie, O ;  
An' warly cares, an' warly men,  
    May a' gae tapsalteerie, O !  
    Green grow, etc.

### IV.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,  
    Ye're nought but senseless asses, O ;  
The wisest Man the warl' saw,  
    He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.  
    Green grow, etc.

## Green grow the Rashes 83

v.

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears

Her noblest work she classes, O ;

Her prentice han' she try'd on man,

An' then she made the lasses, O.

Green grow, etc.

\* \* \* \* \*

## YE BANKS, AND BRAES, AND STREAMS AROUND

TUNE—" *Katharine Ogie.*"

YE banks, and braes, and streams around  
The castle of Montgomery,  
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,  
Your waters never drumlie !  
There simmer first unfauld her robes,  
And there the langest tarry :  
For there I took the last farewell  
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay, green birk,  
How rich the hawthorn's blossom ;  
As underneath their fragrant shade,  
I clasp'd her to my bosom !

The golden Hours, on angel wings  
Flew o'er me and my Dearie ;  
For dear to me as light and life,  
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,  
Our parting was fu' tender ;  
And, pledging aft to meet again,  
We tore oursels asunder.  
But oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,  
That nipt my Flower sae early !  
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,  
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips  
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !  
And closed for ay, the sparkling glance  
That dwalt on me sae kindly !  
And mouldering now in silent dust,  
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !  
But still within my bosom's core  
Shall live my Highland Mary.

## AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And never brought to min' ?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
And auld lang syne ?

### CHORUS

For auld lang syne, my dear,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint stowp !  
And surely I'll be mine !  
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld, etc.



We twa hae run about the braes,  
And pu'd the gowans fine ;  
But we've wander'd mony a weary fitt  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
For auld, etc.

We twa hae paidlet i' the burn,  
Fra' morning sun till dine ;  
But seas between us braid hae roar'd  
Sin' auld lang syne.  
For auld, etc.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere !  
And gie's a hand o' thine !  
And we'll tak a right gude willie-waught,  
For auld lang syne.  
For auld, etc.

## BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY AT BANNOCKBURN

TUNE—" *Hey tuttie tattie.*"

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled !  
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led !  
Welcome to your gory bed,  
Or to Victorie !

Now's the day, and now's the hour ;  
See the front o' battle lour ;  
See approach proud Edward's power,—  
Chains and Slavery !

Wha will be a traitor knave ?  
Wha can fill a coward's grave ?  
Wha sae base as be a Slave ?  
Let him turn and flee !

## Bruce's Address to his Army 89

Wha for Scotland's King and Law,  
Freedom's sword will strongly draw ;  
Free-man stand, or Free-man fa',  
Let him on wi' me.

By oppression's woes and pains !  
By your Sons in servile chains !  
We will drain our dearest veins,  
But they shall be Free !

Lay the proud Usurpers low !  
Tyrants fall in every foe !  
Liberty's in every blow !  
Let us Do or Die !!!

So may God ever defend the cause of Truth and  
Liberty, as he did that day ! Amen !—R. B.

## FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,  
That hangs his head, an' a' that ;  
The coward slave, we pass him by,  
We dare be poor for a' that !  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Our toils obscure and a' that,  
The rank is but a guinea's stamp ;  
The Man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,  
Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that ;  
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,  
A Man's a Man for a' that :

For a' that and a' that 91

For a' that, an' a' that,  
Their tinsel show, an' a' that ;  
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,  
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,  
Wha struts, and stares, an' a' that ;  
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,  
He's but a coof for a' that :  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
His ribband, star, an' a' that,  
The man o' independent mind,  
He looks an' laughs at a' that,

A prince can mak a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke, an' a' that ;  
But an' honest man's aboon his might,  
Guid faith he mauna fa' that !  
For a' that, an' a' that,  
Their dignities, an' a' that,  
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,  
Are higher rank than a' that.

## 92      Songs by Robert Burns

Then let us pray that come it may,  
    (As come it will for a' that,)   
That Sense and Worth, o'er a' the earth,  
    Should bear the gree, an' a' that ;  
    For a' that and a' that,  
        It's comin' yet for a' that,  
    That man to man, the warld o'er,  
        Shall brothers be for a' that.

## THE DUMFRIES VOLUNTEERS

TUNE—" *Push about the Jorum.*"

*April 1795.*

DOES haughty Gaul invasion threat?

Then let the loons beware, sir,

There's Wooden Walls upon our seas,

And Volunteers on shore, sir.

The Nith shall run to Corsincon,<sup>1</sup>

And Criffel<sup>2</sup> sink to Solway,

Ere we permit a foreign foe

On British ground to rally!

Fall de rall, etc.

O let us not like snarling tykes

In wrangling be divided;

Till, slap! come in an unco loon

And wi' a rung decide it.

Be Britain still to Britain true,

Amang oursels united;

<sup>1</sup> Corsincon, a high hill at the source of the river Nith.

<sup>2</sup> Criffel, a mountain at the mouth of the same river.

## 94      Songs by Robert Burns

For never but by British hands  
    Maun British wrangs be righted !  
                    Fall de rall, etc.

The kettle o' the kirk and state,  
    Perhaps a claut may fail in't ;  
But deil a foreig tinker loon  
    Shall ever ca' a nail in't.  
Our fathers' bluid the kettle bought,  
    And wha wad dare to spoil it ;  
By Heav'ns ! the sacrilegious dog  
    Shall fuel be to boil it !  
                    Fall de rall, etc.

The wretch that wad a tyrant own,  
    And the wretch his true-born brother,  
Who would set the Mob aboon the Throne,  
    May they be damned together !  
Who will not sing " God save the King,"  
    Shall hang as high's the steeple ;  
But while we sing, " God save the King,"  
    We'll ne'er forget the people.



## MARY MORISON

TUNE—" *Bide ye yet.* "

O MARY, at thy window be,  
It is the wish'd, the trysted hour !  
Those smiles and glances let me see,  
That make the miser's treasure poor :  
How blythely wad I bide the stoure,  
A weary slave frae sun to sun ;  
Could I the rich reward secure,  
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string  
The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
To thee my fancy took its wing,  
I sat, but neither heard nor saw :

## 96     Songs by Robert Burns

Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
And yon the toast of a' the town,  
I sigh'd, and said amang them a',  
    "Ye are na Mary Morison."

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,  
    Wha for thy sake wad gladly die ?  
✓ Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
    Whase only faut is loving thee ?  
If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
    At least be pity to me shown ;  
A thought ungentle canna be  
    The thought o' Mary Morison.

## O SAW YE BONIE LESLEY

TUNE—" *The Collier's bonie Lassie.*"

O saw ye bonie Lesley,  
As she gaed o'er the border?  
She's gane, like Alexander,  
To spread her conquests farther.  
To see her, is to love her,  
And love but her for ever;  
For Nature made her what she is,  
And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,  
Thy subjects we before thee:  
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,  
The hearts of men adore thee.

98      Songs by Robert Burns

The Deil he cou'dna scaith thee,  
Or aught that wad belang thee  
He'd look into thy bonie face,  
And say, " I canna wrang thee.'

The Powers aboon will tent thee,  
Misfortune sha'na steer thee ;  
Thou'rt like themsels sae lovely,  
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.  
Return again, fair Lesley,  
Return to Caledonie !  
That we may brag we hae a lass  
There's nane again sae bonie.

## WOMEN'S MINDS

TUNE—"For a' that."

THO' women's minds, like winter winds  
May shift and turn, and a' that,  
The noblest breast adores them maist,—  
A consequence I draw that.

For a' that, an' a' that,  
And twice as meikle's a' that,  
The bonie lass that I loe best  
She'll be my ain for a' that. ✓

Great love I bear to all the fair,  
Their humble slave, and a' that ;  
But lordly will, I hold it still  
A mortal sin to thraw that.  
For a' that, etc.

## 100 Songs by Robert Burns

But there is ane aboon the lave,  
Has wit, and sense, and a' that ;  
A bonie lass, I like her best,  
And wha a crime dare ca' that ?  
For a' that, etc.

In rapture sweet this hour we meet,  
Wi' mutual love, an' a' that ;  
But for how lang the flie may stang,  
Let inclination law that.  
For a' that, etc.

Their tricks an' craft hae put me daft,  
They've ta'en me in, an' a' that ;  
But clear your decks, and—here's "The Sex !"  
I like the jades for a' that,  
For a' that, etc.

## TO MARY IN HEAVEN

TUNE—"Miss Forbes' Farewell to Banff."

THOU lingering star, with less'ning ray,  
That lov'st to greet the early morn,  
Again thou usher'st in the day  
My Mary from my soul was torn.  
O Mary! dear departed shade!  
Where is thy place of blissful rest?  
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?  
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?  
That sacred hour can I forget?  
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,  
Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,  
To live one day of parting love?  
Eternity will not efface  
Those records dear of transports past;  
Thy image at our last embrace,—  
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

102    Songs by Robert Burns

Ayr, gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,  
    O'erhung with wildwoods, thick'ning green ;  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
    Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene :  
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,  
    The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,  
Till too, too soon, the glowing west  
    Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,  
    And fondly broods with miser-care !  
Time but the impression stronger makes,  
✓ As streams their channels deeper wear.  
My Mary ! dear departed shade !  
    Where is thy place of blissful rest ?  
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid ?  
    Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast ?



## PATRIOTIC SONG

HERE's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa ;  
And wha winna wish guid luck to our cause,  
May never guid luck be their fa' !  
It's guid to be merry and wise,  
It's guid to be honest and true,  
It's guid to support Caledonia's cause,  
And bide by the buff and the blue.

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to Charlie, the chief o' the clan,  
Altho' that his band be sma'.  
May Liberty meet wi' success !  
May Prudence protect her frae evil !  
May tyrants and tyranny tine i' the mist,  
And wander their way to the devil !

## 104 Songs by Robert Burns

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to Tammie, the Norland laddie,  
That lives at the lug o' the law !  
Here's freedom to him that wad read,  
Here's freedom to him that wad write !  
There's nane ever fear'd that the truth should  
    be heard,  
But they wham the truth wad indite.

Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's a health to them that's awa,  
Here's Chieftain M'Leod, a Chieftain worth  
    gowd,  
Tho' bred among mountains o' snaw !  
    \*       \*       \*       \*       \*

## AWA WHIGS, AWA

CHORUS. Awa Whigs, awa !

Awa Whigs, awa !

Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,

Ye'll do nae good at a'.

OUR thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,

And bonie bloom'd our roses ;

But Whigs came like a frost in June,

And withered a' our posies.

Awa Whigs, awa !

Awa Whigs, awa !

Ye're but a pack of traitor louns,

Ye'll do nae good at a'.

## 106 Songs by Robert Burns

Our ancient crown's fa'en in the dust ;  
Deil blin' them wi' the stour o't !  
And write their names in his black beuk,  
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.  
Awa Whigs, etc.

Our sad decay in church and state  
Surpasses my describing ;  
The Whigs cam o'er us for a curse,  
And we hae done wi' thriving.  
Awa Whigs, etc.

Grim Vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,  
But we may see him wauken :  
Gude help the day when Royal heads  
Are hunted like a mauken !

Awa Whigs, awa !  
Awa Whigs, awa !  
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,  
Ye'll do nae gude at a'.

## BRAW LADS OF GALLA WATER

TUNE—" *Galla Water.*"

CHORUS. Braw, braw lads of Galla Water ;  
O braw lads of Galla Water :  
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,  
And follow my love through the  
water.

SAE fair her hair, sae brent her brow,  
Sae bonie blue her een, my dearie ;  
Sae white her teeth, sae sweet her mou',  
The mair I kiss she's ay my dearie.  
O'er yon bank and o'er yon brae,  
O'er yon moss among the heather ;  
I'll kilt my coats aboon my knee,  
And follow my love through the water.

## 108    Songs by Robert Burns

Down amang the broom, the broom,  
    Down amang the broom, my dearie,  
The lassie lost a silken snood,  
    That cost her mony a blirt and bleary.  
    Braw, braw lads of Galla Water ;  
    O braw lads of Galla Water :  
Ill kilt my coats aboon my knee,  
    And follow my love through the  
        water.

## COMING THROUGH THE RYE

TUNE—" *Coming through the Rye.*"

COMING through the rye, poor body,

Coming through the rye,

She draiglet a' her petticoatie,

Coming through the rye.

Jenny's a' wat, poor body,

Jenny's seldom dry ;

She draiglet a' her petticoatie,

Coming through the rye.

Gin a body meet a body—

Coming through the rye ;

Gin a body kiss a body—

Need a body cry ?

Gin a body meet a body

Coming through the glen,

110    Songs by Robert Burns

Gin a body kiss a body—

    Need the world ken?

Jenny's a' wat, poor body;

    Jenny's seldom dry;

She draiglet a' her petticoatie,

    Coming through the rye.



## HEY, THE DUSTY MILLER

TUNE—"The Dusty Miller."

HEY, the Dusty Miller,  
And his dusty coat ;  
He will win a shilling,  
Or he spend a groat,  
Dusty was the coat,  
Dusty was the colour,  
Dusty was the kiss  
That I got frae the Miller.

Hey, the dusty Miller,  
And his dusty sack ;  
Leeze me on the calling  
Fills the dusty peck :  
Fills the dusty peck,  
Brings the dusty siller :  
I wad gie my coatie  
For the dusty Miller

## THE CARDIN' O'T

TUNE—" *Salt Fish and Dumplings.*"

I COFT a stane o' haslock woo',  
To make a wab to Johnnie o't ;  
For Johnnie is my only jo,  
I lo'e him best of onie yet.  
The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,  
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't ;  
When ilka ell cost me a groat,  
The tailor staw the lynin o't.

For though his locks be lyart gray,  
And though his brow be beld aboon,  
Yet I hae seen him on a day  
The pride of a' the parishen.  
The cardin' o't, the spinnin' o't,  
The warpin' o't, the winnin' o't ;  
When ilka ell cost me a groat,  
The tailor staw the lynin o't.

## IT WAS A' FOR OUR RIGHTFU' KING

It was a' for our rightfu' king  
We left fair Scotland's strand ;  
It was a' for our rightfu' king  
We e'er saw Irish land,  
My dear,  
We e'er saw Irish land.

Now a' is done that men can do,  
And a' is done in vain :  
My Love and Native Land farewell,  
For I maun cross the main,  
My dear,  
For I maun cross the main.  
He turn'd him right and round about,  
Upon the Irish shore ;

114    Songs by Robert Burns

And gae his bridle-reins a shake,  
With adieu for evermore,  
                                My dear,  
With adieu for evermore.

The soger frae the wars returns,  
The sailor frae the main ;  
But I hae parted frae my Love,  
Never to meet again,  
                                My dear,  
Never to meet again.

When day is gane, and night is come,  
And a' folk bound to sleep ;  
I think on him that's far awa',  
The lee-lang night and weep,  
                                My dear,  
The lee-lang night and weep.

## O KENMURE'S ON AND AWA, WILLIE

TUNE—" *O Kenmure's on and awa, Willie.*"

O KENMURE's on and awa, Willie,  
O Kenmure's on and awa ;  
An' Kenmure's Lord's the bravest Lord  
That ever Galloway saw.

Success to Kenmure's band, Willie !  
Success to Kenmure's band !  
There's no a heart that fears a Whig  
That rides by Kenmure's hand.

Here's Kenmure's health in wine, Willie !  
Here's Kenmure's health in wine !  
There ne'er was a coward o' Kenmure's blude,  
Nor yet o' Gordon's Line.

## 116 Songs by Robert Burns

O Kenmure's lads are men, Willie,  
O Kenmure's lads are men ;  
Their hearts and swords are metal true,  
And that their faes shall ken.

They'll live or die wi' fame, Willie,  
They'll live or die wi' fame ;  
But soon, wi' sounding Victorie,  
May Kenmure's Lord come hame !

Here's him that's far awa, Willie !  
Here's him that's far awa !  
And here's the flower that I loe best,  
The rose that's like the snaw.

## SIMMER'S A PLEASANT TIME

TUNE—" *Ay waukin, O.*"

SIMMER's a pleasant time,  
Flow'rs of ev'ry colour ;  
The water rins o'er the heugh,  
And I long for my true lover !  
Ay waukin O,  
Waukin still and weary :  
Sleep I can get nane  
For thinking on my Dearie.

When I sleep I dream,  
When I wauk I'm eerie ;  
Sleep I can get nane  
For thinking on my Dearie.

118    Songs by Robert Burns

Lanely night comes on,  
    A' the lave are sleepin  
I think on my bonie lad  
    And I bleer my een wi greetin'.  
    Ay waukin O,  
        Waukin still and weary ;  
Sleep I can get nane  
    For thinking on my Dearie.



## THE HIGHLAND LADDIE

TUNE—" *If Thou'lt Play Me Fair Play.*"

THE boniest lad that e'er I saw,  
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
Wore a plaid and was fu' braw,  
Bonie Highland laddie.

On his head a bonnet blue,  
Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
His royal heart was firm and true,  
Bonie Highland laddie.

Trumpets sound and cannons roar,  
Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie,  
And a' the hills wi' echoes roar,  
Bonie Lawland lassie.

## 120    Songs by Robert Burns

Glory, Honour, now invite,  
    Bonie lassie, Lawland lassie,  
For Freedom and my King to fight,  
    Bonie Lawland lassie.

The sun a backward course shall take,  
    Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
Ere aught thy manly courage shake ;  
    Bonie Highland laddie.

Go, for yoursel' procure renown,  
    Bonie laddie, Highland laddie,  
And for your lawful King his crown.  
    Bonie Highland laddie !

## WEARY FA' YOU, DUNCAN GRAY

TUNE—" *Duncan Gray*."

WEARY fa' you, Duncan Gray—

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

Wae gae by you, Duncan Gray—

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

When a' the lave gae to their play,

Then I maun sit the lee-lang day,

And jog the cradle wi' my tae,

And a' for the girdin o't.

Bonnie was the Lammas moon—

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

Glowrin' a' the hills aboon—

Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

122    Songs by Robert Burns

The girdin brak, the beast cam down,  
I tint my curch, and baith my shoon  
Ah! Duncan, ye're an unco loon—  
Wae on the bad girdin o't!

But, Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith—  
    Ha, ha, the girdin o't!  
Ise bless you wi' my hindmost breath—  
    Ha, ha, the girdin o't!

Duncan, gin ye'll keep your aith,  
The beast again can bear us baith,  
And auld Mess John will mend the skaith,  
    And clout the bad girdin o't.

## YE JACOBITES BY NAME

TUNE—" *Ye Jacobites by Name.*"

YE Jacobites by name, give an ear, give an ear ;

Ye Jacobites by name, give an ear ;

Ye Jacobites by name,

Your fautes I will proclaim,

Your doctrines I maun blame,

You shall hear.

What is Right and what is Wrang, by the law,  
by the law ?

What is Right and what is Wrang, by the law ?

What is Right and what is Wrang ?

A short sword, and a lang,

A weak arm, and a strang

For to draw.

124    Songs by Robert Burns

What makes heroic strife fam'd afar, fam'd  
afar ?

What makes heroic strife fam'd afar ?

What makes heroic strife ?

To whet th' assassin's knife,

Or hunt a Parent's life

Wi' bludie war ?

Then let your schemes alone, in the state, in  
the state ;

Then let your schemes alone, in the state ;

Then let your schemes alone,

Adore the rising sun,

And leave a man undone

To his fate.

## WHAN I SLEEP I DREAM

WHAN I sleep I dream,  
Whan I wauk I'm eerie,  
Sleep I canna get,  
For thinkin' o' my dearie.

Lanely night comes on,  
A' the house are sleeping,  
I think on the bonie lad  
That has my heart a keeping.  
Ay waukin O, waukin ay and wearie,  
Sleep I canna get, for thinkin' o' my  
dearie.

Lanely night comes on,  
A' the house are sleeping,  
I think on my bonie lad,  
An' I bleer my een wi' greetin'!  
Ay waukin, etc.